Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, August 1, 1918 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

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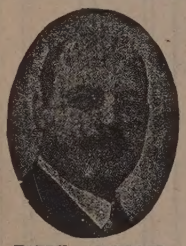

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Heavy Penalties Provided for Violations of the Statute Enacted Against Spies and Enemies of the United States.

Office of the Postmaster General,
Washington, June 14, 1918.

Section 481½ of the Postal Laws and Regulations is hereby amended to read as follows:

1. Every letter, writing, circular, postal card, picture, print, engraving, photograph, newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other publication, matter or thing of any kind, in violation of any of the provisions of this act is hereby declared to be nonmailable matter and shall not be conveyed in the mails or delivered from any post office or by any letter carrier; Provided, That nothing in this act shall be so construed as to authorize any person other than an employee of the Dead Letter Office, duly authoribed thereto, or other person upon a search warrant authorized by law, to open any letter not addressed to himself. (Act of June 15, 1917, Sec. 1, Title XII.)

2. That section one of this Title XII and all other provisions of the Act entitled "An Act to punish acts in interference with the foreign relations, the neutrality, and the foreign commerce of the United States, to punish espionage, and better to enforce the criminal laws of the United States, and for other purposes," approved June 15, 1917, which apply to section 3 of Title I thereof shall apply with equal force and effect to said section 3 as amended. (Act of May 16, 1918, Sec. 2, paragraph 1.)

3. Every letter, writing, circular, postal card, picture, print, engraving, photograph, newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other publication, matter or thing, of any kind, containing any matter advocating or urging treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to any law of the United States, is hereby declared to be nonmailable. (Act of June 15, 1917, Sec. 2, Title XII.)

4. Paragraphs 1 and 2 of this section relate to mail matter of any class which is in violation of any of the provisions of the Act of June 15, 1917, known as the Espionage Act, as amended by the Act of May 16, 1918, and applies specifically to Section 3 of the said act, as amended, which reads as follows:

"Sec. 3. Whoever, when the United States is at war, shall wilfully make or convey false reports or false statements with intent to interfere with the operation or success of the military or naval forces of the United States, or to promote the success of its enemies, or shall wilfully make or convey false reports or false statements, or say or do anything except by way of bona fide and not disloyal advice to an investor or investors, with intent to obstruct the sale by the United States of bonds or other securities of the United States or the making of loans by or to the United States, and whoever, when the United States is at war, shall wilfully cause, or attempt to cause, or incite or attempt to incite, insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny, or refusal of duty, in the military or naval forces of the United States, or shall wilfully obstruct or attempt to obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States, and whoever, when the United States is at war, shall wilfully utter, print, write, or publish any disloyal, profane, scurrilous, or abusive language about the form of government of the United States, or the Constitution of the United States, or the military or naval forces of the United States, or the flag of the United States, or the uniform of the Army or Navy of the United States, or any language intended to bring the form of government of the United States, or the Constitution of the United States, or the military or naval forces of the United States, or the flag of the United States, or the uniform of the Army or Navy of the United States into contempt, scorn, contumely, or disrepute, or shall wilfully utter, print, write, or publish any language intended to incite, provoke, or encourage resistance to the United States, or to promote the cause of its enemies, or shall wilfully display the flag of any foreign enemy, or shall wilfully by utterance, writing, printing, publication, or language spoken, urge, incite, or advocate any curtailment of production in this country of any thing or things, product or products, necessary or essential to the prosecution of the war in which the United States may be engaged, with intent by such curtailment to cripple or hinder the United States in the prosecution of the war, and whoever shall wilfully advocate, teach, defend, or suggest the doing of any of the acts or things in this section enumerated, and whoever shall by word or act support or favor the cause of any country with which the United States is at war or by word or act oppose the cause of the United States therein, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $10,000 or imprisonment for not more than twenty years, or both: Provided, That any employee or official of the United States Government who commits any disloyal act or utters any unpatriotic or disloyal language, or who, in an abusive and violent manner criticises the Army or Navy or the flag of the United States shall be at once dismissed from the service. Any such employee shall be dismissed by the head of the department in which the employee may be engaged, and any such official shall be dismissed by the authority having power to appoint a successor to the dismissed official." (Act of June 15, 1917, Sec. 3, Title I, as amended by the Act of May 16, 1918.)

5. Whoever shall use or attempt to use the mails or Postal Service of the United States for the transmission of any matter declared by this title to be nonmailable, shall be fined not more than $5,000 or imprisoned not more than five years, or both. Any person violating any provision of this title may be tried and punished either in the district in which the unlawful matter or publication was mailed, or to which it was carried by mail for delivery according to the direction thereon, or in which it was caused to be delivered by mail to the person to whom it was addressed. (Act of June 15, 1917, Sec. 3, Title XII.)

6. The postmaster shall not give opinions to the public and when in doubt as to the mailability of any matter under the above statute he shall withhold the same from dispatch or delivery, as the case may be, and submit the question with samples of the matter to the Solicitor for the Post Office Department for instructions.

7. When the United States is at war, the Postmaster General may, upon evidence satisfactory to him that any person or concern is using the mails in violation of any of the provisions of this Act, instruct the postmaster at any post office at which mail is received addressed to such person or concern to return to the postmaster at the office at which they were originally mailed all letters or other matter so addressed, with the words "Mail to this Address undeliverable under Espionage Act" plainly written or stamped upon the outside thereof, and all such letters or other matter so returned to such postmasters shall be by them returned to the senders thereof under such regulations as the Postmaster General may prescribe. (Act of May 16, 1918, Sec. 2, paragraph 2, amending the Act of June 15, 1917, Title XII.)

A. S. BURLESON,
Postmaster General.

WILLIAM B. CARLILE, Postmaster.

Under date of June 8th, the following, addressed to the publishers of UNITY, was received at UNITY office:

June 8, 1918

The Department advises this office that the April 11th, 1918, issue of your publication is nonmailable under the Espionage Act of June 15th, 1917, Section I, Title XII.

Respectfully,
(Signed) W. B. CARLILE,
Postmaster.

You will notice that the above was dated nearly two months after the issue of the paper, which had been duly mailed from the Chicago Postoffice. Prompt instruction was given that no further copies should be mailed.

On investigation based on complaints received at the office, we find that the issues of July 4, 11 and 18 were held in Chicago, subject to further ruling from the Department at Washington. Word has just been received that the issue of the 25th is also refused mailing privilege. We are also informed that under recent ruling no notice of postal interference with regular publications is to be sent to publishers. Pending final decision from Washington for obvious reasons we eliminate all notes bearing upon the war from this issue, and if our subscribers miss future numbers they will be able to infer the cause.

Meanwhile our readers will understand, and if necessary testify, that at no time have we been disposed to defy the power or ignore the dignity of law.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1918 NUMBER 22

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

The Universalist Leader for July 20 contains what is probably the last word from Washington Gladden, an article entitled, "Perilous Days." It occupies, as it deserves, another column of this paper and we are told that the copy was received only a few days before Mr. Gladden's death. His words would be charged with wisdom at any time, but now they are touched with an awe such as that which is felt in studying a fitting capital placed as the finishing touch to a stately column. The article will be found entire in another column.

"The New and the Old," by R. S. Galer, A.M., is the title of an especially displayed page article in the *Universalist Leader* of July 20, in which the author arranges in parallel columns the old conception of God, Religion, Men, Bible, Church, Heaven, Hell, etc., etc., alongside of the new conception concerning the same themes. The parallel is very skilfully drawn. The statements are terse and so fairly stated that the adherents to the old will scarcely object to the same, and those who are groping for a new context for the deathless words will be helped. We hope that our contemporary will further tax the printer's skill in making the text available as a leaflet to be used for missionary purposes.

The Rev. A. A. Berle, one time a Congregational minister in Chicago, now a prominent leader on educational lines in Boston, has written a book entitled, "The World Significance of the Jewish State," of which the *Public* says,

> Professor Berle is frankly a Zionist and idealist of the extreme type, and he carries his theme to the end of his little book with a fervor that can come only from profound conviction.

The review in the *Public* concludes as follows:

> An ambitious program? doubtless; but who shall say it is impossible? If the spirit that has challenged militarism to mortal combat means anything it means that ideas, not machine guns, are to rule the world; and it may be that this repatriated race, after its two thousand years of wanderings, may in time send forth political ideas as fundamental as its religious ideas. It is at least its right to try. When self-determination is becoming the very shibboleth of modern democracy it would be unseemly to deny it to the Zionist.

Rose Strunsky in *The New Republic* for July 20 makes a stirring appeal for "Another Emancipation Proclamation,"—something that will make the issue on our side as clear as President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation did for the war for the Union. The Emancipation Proclamation seemed at the outset like "a Pope's bull against the comet," but Lincoln bided his time and the Proclamation helped to clear the issue that utilized the military triumph. So this writer thinks a proclamation in the interest of democracy and democratic institutions for Russia, and wherever the conquering hand can dictate, would help bring in the end a permanent good. She sees old empires composed of subject nationalities crumbling and she calls for a—

> new proclamation that must be an investment for the future, and the beginnings of that future are with us now. It must support Russia and treat as friends the subject nationalities separated from her, even if they are for the moment again under subjection to a foreign power. It can easily resemble Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. "I hereby free all subjects now under the mailed fist of Germany or threatened by it." Once before such a Pope's bull had not proven ineffectual against the comet. With the same faith in the potency of the right, it cannot help but bring about a new reckoning of forces again.

William Kent, in discussing the proposed boycott suggested by the "President of the American Defense Society," which would pledge its members by solemn oath not to purchase anything emanating from Germany nor to trade with those handling German commodities, says as quoted in *The Public* for July 20:

> While I naturally sympathize with the motive, and share the prejudice back of this organized effort, I cannot but question its economic and political soundness.
>
> At the close of the war, our tariff arrangements and our foreign trade will, for a period at least, be directed more by the needs and the exigencies that confront the State Department than by a system based on normal commercial relations. The decisions will be reached as social rather than economic matters. What our attitude nationally or individually should be toward Germany depends on the outcome of the war and on the German situation at its end. If the war should terminate without repudiation of Prussian ideals and Prussian military organization, and if treaties of peace

should, for any reason, leave Germany with such an internal organization, ordinary commercial rights in the world, then I for one, so far as I could do it without taint of sedition, should advocate a boycott of all things German.

But if now, a great number of our people enter into oath-bound contract not to trade with Germany or Germans, it seems to me that even on the social side we are cutting ourselves off from one of the factors that might lead to the right kind of peace, the offering of a reward for future good behavior in the way of admitting an innocuous Germany into commercial fellowship. This on the social side.

When we consider the matter from the economic side, the commodity that most saliently represents a policy that might be extremely injurious to our home interests, is found in the potash supply. You are, of course, aware of the world's need of the cheapest possible potash production, and at the present time this great asset is in Germany's hands.

A remodeled Germany can greatly serve our country while benefiting herself by the sale of this material so vitally needed in our agriculture. Your boycott plan, if it could be carried out, would be a cause of tremendous economic loss.

Always granting the possibility of a reconstructed Germany, it would seem clear that the civilized world should be able to hold out both reward and punishment for staying in, or trespassing outside the straight and narrow way of such international relations, as are productive of peace. We shall need German potash, if we can buy it from a repentant, well-behaved Germany, and we may well need wholesome competition in other commodities.

If peace is thus framed, your oath-bound boycott will break down. Indeed, it might be legally found to be a conspiracy against the public welfare. Such finding would hardly be sustained if an unfortunate and temporary peace should leave in power those who are plotting for another round of hell.

"See the Little Ford Go By!"

The candidacy of Henry Ford for the United States senatorship from Michigan seems to be assuming the proportions of a boom. However looked at it is startling and the surprises involved are, to our mind, encouraging. Here are some points that make Mr. Ford's appearance in the political arena a most encouraging one:

(1) He is not a party man and has in his case demolished party lines.

(2) He is not a partisan but he bids fair to rout the bosses and confuse if not silence the politicians.

(3) That the President wants him in the Senate is a very significant window into the heart of the President. It reveals the old Wilson who wants peace, who believes in a democracy that can do without armies and who hopes that armies and armament, Liberty Loans and Thrift Stamps, draft laws and espionage bills are all passing expediencies, resorted to in the interest of a great triumph in international peace. All these things Henry Ford stands for and the fact that President Wilson wants him in the Senate is a far-reaching implication that the President meant what he said and said what he meant in his great utterances which from time to time show that he, and possibly the members of the cabinet nearest to him, are to hold firm to that which is the hope of the world,—"safety for democracy everywhere."

(4) Mr. Ford was, and we believe is, and always will be, a "Pacifist" willing to take whatever odium that name may bear. The "Ford Peace Ship" expedition has served the newspaper "witlings" and sensational writers of "leaders" to the full; but still when the coarse and blind newspaper distortions of facts will have been forgotten, the story of the Peace Ship and the far-reaching results which followed, will form a permanent chapter in the history of our country, an episode as full of prophetic significance and spiritual power as it was of romance and possible ridicule.

(5) Henry Ford is in a fair way to interpret mental and spiritual power in terms of universalities. The greatness of an inventor, the greatness of an organizer, the marvelous business ability, may yet prove that the same greatness can be felt on the floors of the Senate, particularly in the chambers of legislative committees. There is not one greatness of the shop and another of the office and still another in the council chamber. The old theory which divided the mind into compartments, like the boxes in a postoffice, no longer holds. Mind is a unit and precipitates its forces on many different lines.

(6) Henry Ford is a radical, a democrat after the order of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. He believes in the people of whom he is proud to be one, the common people, all people. With a Lincoln-like simplicity he grips the popular heart of America because he is sincere, he is direct. His simplicity is the simplicity of spiritual power. This no one has presumed to question.

(7) The Senatorial toga has not proved to be a very effective introduction to presidential honors, but many signs would indicate that "Henry Ford for Senator" is but a stepping stone to "Henry Ford for President!" The American people can go farther and fare worse. To put the great magician of the automobile shops into the presidential chair might be a tremendous revelation of the sanity of the American people, a startling revelation to the perfunctory wearers of the crowns and inherited titles who constitute the handicap of all the monarchical powers of Europe.

The United States has had a brilliant array of democrats in the presidential chair, men of ideals. It may surprise itself by giving a man of deeds, a silent man, a chance. Then democracy will have once more a democrat of the order of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln in the White House. We are for Senator Ford as a stepping stone for the next move that will give us President Ford! Should that happen the world will stand by as with bated breath they exclaim:

"See the Little Ford Go By!"

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so,
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, thou dost not fall.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

Perilous Days *

I am convinced that the American people are exposed, in these days, to a very serious danger. It is the danger of harboring evil and unjust and injurious suspicions toward their fellow men. That is a danger against which conscientious men and women ought to be on their guard.

Thinking evil of anybody is bad business. If your neighbor is all evil—if there is nothng good in him—to dwell on his defects does him no good and cannot do you anything but harm. But you have no such neighbor. There is no one in whom you cannot find some redeeming qualities. Those are the only things worth thinking of.

But while evil thinking is always mischievous business, hurtful to the thinker, at any rate, and dangerous in its social consequence, there are times when it is especially perilous, because of its prevalence; because so many people are addicted to it; because it becomes contagious, as much so as scarlet fever or smallpox. This is always the case in war time. War originates in evil thoughts. It flourishes upon evil thoughts. It could not endure for a day but for evil thoughts.

It presupposes enemies. You do not go to war unless you have enemies. And you do not go to war unless you have determined to kill your enemies. And you cannot make up your mind to kill them unless you are thinking evil about them.

We are at war. And the business of war is thinking evil of our enemies. It may be that they have done many things to deserve our evil thoughts. It may be that the resentments which we feel toward them are justified. Nevertheless it is dangerous business to cherish them. They are liable to react on us injuriously. That is all my point. I am not saying now that war is wrong. I waive that point. But it will be admitted that it is dangerous. People cannot engage in war without danger of doing harm to themselves and others. And the harm is likely to be suffered in our minds as well as in our bodies.

I wish I could get my neighbors to think soberly about this danger, that we may avoid it as far as we can. We may not be able to avoid it altogether, but let us do so as far as possible.

There is great danger that we shall think evil of some of our neighbors unjustly. The air is full of suspicions which are utterly unfounded. It is always so in war time; there has probably never been an hour since time began when there was so much of suspicion in circulation as there is today. We have greater facilities for engendering and disseminating suspicions than the world ever knew. There were never so many people in the world thinking evil of their neighbors as there are today. We are in great danger of permitting these unjust suspicions to find lodgment in our minds. The most groundless charges against our most loyal and exemplary neighbors are recklessly and wantonly put in circulation, and when a story is started it goes like wild-fire and grows as it goes. In a long experience I have had much to do with these wicked rumors, and I am quite prepared to say that there are no tales too base or too baseless for fairly intelligent men and women to believe and freely report concerning their neighbors. That is true in time of peace; but war, as we have seen it, greatly aggravates this tendency.

To accuse a man of pro-Germanism in these days appears to be "as easy as lying"; no charge could be more lightly made, and as there are several millions of German names in our directories, the raw materials of such a slander are abundant. I have personally known several loyal, native Americans, against whom suspicion has been excited for no other reason than that they have German names.

I know one man whose father was born in this country, who himself and all his brothers and sisters received all their education here, who occupies an important pulpit and who had been called by the Y. M. C. A. to go with our army to France and had accepted the call and had temporarily vacated his pulpit, who was called in, on the eve of his departure, by the Y. M. C. A. officials and told that his loyalty had been called in question and that his commission must be revoked.

Demanding to know who were his accusers, he found out, with some difficulty, that the story rested on two or three eminent university professors. Confronted by him, these professors acknowledged that they had never heard him say the treasonable things that he was charged with saying, but *they had heard that he had said them.* No one could be found who had heard them. The tale was quickly discredited, the commission was renewed, and the minister went on his way to France. But the incident serves to show what kind of people can be accused in these days and what kind of people can be the accusers. There is no safety for any man in these days. This man's offense was that he bore a German name.

The worst of it is that such evil thoughts of our neighbors do not always stop with slanders, nor are the venders always content with "swatting the Kaiser" and barring everything German. Devoted spirits, fired with this zeal, are likely to seek a more concrete expression of their patriotism. The Rev. Herbert Bigelow of our state is not a socialist nor a "pacifist," in any intelligent sense; he is a democrat, in the best sense, he has been a hearty supporter of President Wilson.

But some of the "bitter-enders" of Cincinnati heard of his saying something that displeased them, and they caught him and bound him and gagged him and beat him unmercifully. I have not heard that any one except Mr. Biglelow has been punished for this outrage. It seems to have been regarded by most Americans as a demonstration of patriotism, and was even alluded to by Lord Northcliffe while he was in this country as a proof that Americans know how to deal with their troublesome cases of disloyalty. Nevertheless, I venture to think that it was a disgrace to Ohio and a symptom of a very diseased condition of the American mind.

The more recent exhibition of the same state of mind in Collinsville, Illinois, in which a poor German, protesting his loyalty, was dragged from his knees at prayer, and hanged upon a tree, is another symptom which thoughtful Americans ought to study. I do not think the story sounds well. Until it is ex-

*This article from Dr. Gladden reached us only a few days before his death. Quite possibly it is his last word to his countrymen. As it has been pointed out, Dr. Gladden always had the vision to see and the courage to declare the needed truth when few saw and fewer dared speak. These great qualities were never more apparent than in this article. His death not only gives high solemnity to his words, but breathes into them the spirit of the Master he followed for four-score years, whose last prayer was for the forgiveness of His enemies.

plained or atoned for I think the less we say about the Huns the better.

At any rate it should remind us all that we are living just now in a very inflammable atmosphere, and that it behooves us all to be on our guard against the temptations which lead to rash and unjust judgments and to violent and objurgatory speeches. We may thus do a great deal of harm to other innocent people, and we cannot fail to inflict upon ourselves irreparable injury.

An old adage says that it is better to let ten criminals escape than to punish one innocent person. I am not so clear about that, but I think this a safe statement: that in the present state of the public mind there is about ten times as much danger that a loyal person will be punished for treason as that a disloyal one will escape punishment.

That is a condition of things which, if it exists, or anything like it, calls for serious consideration.

Washington Gladden.

Universalist Leader for July 20.

The Poet of all Poets *

Dear Friends: I am happy to be with you—glad to meet friends whom I have for years known by name and loved for their work, especially dear Horace Traubel—glad to make the acquaintance of new friends—glad to pay my deep homage to the memory of the poet of all poets whom I love the best, Walt Whitman. I think we radicals should seek and emphasize much more than we do that which unites us rather than that which divides us. One of the happiest meeting-grounds available is our common love and appreciation of Whitman. Many years have sped from me under the sun, through summer's flowers and winter's snows, since a dear friend transcribed his poems in raised letters for me. Whitman came to me like a wonderful friend out of the great world, and he opened many windows in my dark house and flooded it with clear, penetrating light. Impetuously I put my hand in his, and he led me out into his world, the world of men and women where I could feel the eager, turbulent tramp of life—the roar, the adventure, the zest, the gladness, the sorrows, the revolts and the peace won out of strife. By his side I went forth in the dark to prove my spirit equal to that world.

I like to think of Whitman as a sort of adorable vagabond. In imagination I walk the open road with him. We have splendid times together! Our hearts throb high, the rolling earth under our feet seems to respond to our mood. The strong, sweet wind runs before us, and the scent of pine and sea and lilac is in the air. The world is full of gladness and beauty. What a comrade he is! How stimulating! How common things turn to miracles under his touch!

On we trudge, my comrade Walt Whitman and I, along sandy beaches, in country-places, among woods and pastures and waving corn and leagues upon leagues of honied alfalfa and buckwheat. We make the acquaintance of all living creatures. All the silent thunders of things unseen are around us—stars and sea, sunshine and the wonderful night. We converse joyously of winds and skies, little wild things and lonely birds that call to the sea and the low-hanging moon. Our hearts glow and kindle earth and heaven and life into new flame and bloom! We cross in the ferryboat to Manhattan. The city of our poet's love, "city nested in bays," lies aflush in the setting sun—Manhattan with its columned peristyles of stone and steel, the lustrous glooms of its canyon-like streets and its flame-like spires—Manhattan, superb, immense, clamorous, potent as the might of life itself. Long we linger by the shores and piers, watching the multitudinous ships, talking much to men and women, "comrades and lovers by the thousand." He welcomes all men, understands all men, loves all men—black men and red men, good men, bad men, poor men, rich men—a little. Warm and wide as life is my friend's heart. He bestows upon all men and all women the gifts of the universe.

Not all men and women have accepted his generosity. Many are blind to his vision, deaf to his message. The lover of all men and "maker of poems, the Answerer," still chants the new day, the coming world of freemen. He still proclaims the cosmic sympathy, his reverberating declaration of love—love that believes all things, hopes all things, breaks down all blind hostilities of castes, schools, religions, philosophies and races.

In this dark and fateful hour, when the moaning of the dying on a hundred battlefields will not let the living rest, I seem to hear our poet's voice crying in the nation's ears: "Awake! awake! The never-halting days are laying their gifts at your feet. The dreams, the hopes of ages, are becoming realities in your hands. The world is full of the shoutings of men! They are joining hands and dancing for joy! The young are singing, the heaven is blue, the grass is springing, the rose is blushing, the hills are clapping their hands! The many-voiced waters are calling to you! You are part of the joy of the world! The lark mounts up for you, the sun shines for you! You—you men, you workers, you soldiers and mothers, you sailors and toilers of the sea, you delvers in the earth and weavers of cloth—you are all part of all the mirth and all the boundless love of earth and sky and sea."

Do you answer, my friends, that the nations are unheeding—that the long roar of guns drowns the voice of the prophet? If you do, you are still half asleep. Over the trenches hover the spirits of millions, slain but not dead—a cloud of witnesses to the indestructible idealism of man. Under kaiser and king and president he pours out his life in full measure for what he thinks is right. While he plunges his bayonet into the breast of his foe, he feels dimly that a living brotherhood shall rise like a mystic flower out of the shambles of war. All the deeds of carnage cannot quench that divine spark.

With Whitman we feel the invincible force of evolution carrying us onward with it, and nothing else matters. We outdare what we have dared. We outdream our dreams of a new humanity. We excel our own thoughts and aspirations, and we will not be stopped by wars, victories, or defeats. By sheer audacity of faith and purpose, like Russia, we will ride the whirlwind and guide the storm with a strength above our own, until the peace of a brother-loving democracy fills the world.

Helen Keller.

From the Conservator for August, 1918.

*Speech, May 31, in New York, to the annual meeting of the Walt Whitman Fellowship.

THE PULPIT

A Season with the Tone Masters

We print below the third of a series of six sermons which were delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the pulpit of All Souls Church last April and May. The immediate inspiration for the series was the dedication of the new, beautiful Lamson Brothers Memorial Organ recently installed at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. But the larger and permanent inspiration was the conviction that the great Tone Masters, the prophets of harmony, were also the prophets of universal religion. These great composers have led the devotions of the modern world. These sermons will be printed weekly in UNITY, so far as conditions permit, during the midsummer interlude of so many of the pulpits of the land, hoping that the life stories of these great artists will afford Sunday reading and touch the lives of our readers with a new sense of beauty, that their hearts may be enriched.

The following will be the order of the topics. Special subscriptions for the course should be sent in early in order to be sure of securing the entire number.

I. The Organ, Its Story and Message.
II. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750.
III. George Frederick Handel, 1685-1759.
IV. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791.
V. Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
VI. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

III

George Frederick Handel

1685-1759

Our souls pant for thee, O God. Our hearts would fain find a resting place in thee, our consciences would find peace in thy will. Father, we pray for our distracted country this morning. We pray that the message of love may over rule and over awe the minions of hate in our own lives as throughout the world. We pray, Father, that this land of ours may become one section of that kingdom of Thine that seeks to preserve life, to promote love, to widen the boundaries of human fellowship, to deepen our faith in truth and right, resting in the eternal calm of thy infinite power. Make us wise, Father, in thy wisdom, make thy children strong in thee. Silenced be the voices of passion today; forgotten be the boundary lines that promote hate and rivalry and invite death and destruction. In the realms of harmony, on the uplands of melody we would abide, that we may be tutored in the everlasting Gospel that seeks peace on earth and practices good will to men. Amen!

George Frederick Handel was the child of an aged father and a young mother, being the second born in a group of four children from a second wife. Handel had six half brothers and sisters by his father's first wife. The grandfather was a coppersmith in Silesa, a province of Prussia. His father was a "barber-surgeon," whatever that may be, whose profession brought him in contact with the armies of Saxony, Sweden and the French Empire. He was a prosperous man, had a beautiful home in Halle, where Frederick was born, and had high ambitions for his bright son. He was greatly distressed by what he deemed an unsafe propulsion towards music. He had little respect for muscians and less confidence in music as a profession. With a stern tenderness he tried to suppress the boy's ambition in that direction. A famous story is current that little Frederick kept hidden in the garret a dumb clavichord, the forerunner of the piano, on which he used to practice by stealth. But when a man of influence, a noble, chided the father for suppressing so manifest a talent, the father yielded and he was given the best musical privileges of Halle, which contained at that time some eminent musicians. The father died when little Frederick was twelve years of age, but prompted by a heartfelt filial obligation he persisted in following the academic course planned by his father and really won a lawyer's diploma though of course he never practiced it.

At seventeen years of age he was called to be Kappelmeister at Hanover. From there he followed the fate of all the musicians of his day by becoming an itinerant, moving from one center to another. While still in his minority he found himself in sunny Italy, the fountain of music, and he visted Florence, Rome, Venice, Naples, always triumphant by the brilliancy of his performance. He was, while writing continuously, careless of the fate of what he wrote. After two or three years of this delightful Italian experience, where he was ever the guest of the favored, he was offered by the city of Naples palatial rooms, with free table and a piano without cost so long as he chose to remain.

He was fond of traveling *incognito*. The story goes that he smuggled himself into the orchestra at Venice and took his seat at the piano, or clavichord, as it was then called, and promptly attracted the attention of the leader of the orchestra, who interrupted and said, "That man must either be the celebrated Saxon or the devil, none other could play like that."

He was called back to Hanover to become some kind of a musical functionary. He accepted on condition that he might visit England, where he had already been invited. To England he went, there stepping at once into popularity and into power. When again called back by some kind of complications of the nobility he stayed in Hanover long enough to break his connections and then returned to England, which became his permanent home for thirty-five years. At forty-one he became a naturalized English citizen, finding that otherwise he would be prevented from composing for great events, royal birthdays, official ceremonies, etc. The laws of England would not allow a "foreigner" to compose for state functions. In London he fought his battle with ignorance, always a mighty battle. In this contest with public opinion he always conquered, but there was another battle with the jealousy, rivalry and stupidity of the nobility which was too much even for him.

Handel wrote in all forty operas, a large number of which were successfully presented in London. But they encountered pitiful jealousy of other musicians and suffered from complications of politics. An anti-Handel organization was formed. It was also an anti-Hanoverian organization, and after working in one theater for fourteen years he was retired. He began again in a sort of second-rate music hall. He tried to introduce French ideas of the lighter opera, the ballet, etc., but the sum of ten thousand pounds, which he had accumulated before he had started this new venture, was all spent and finally he found himself ten thousand pounds more in debt. Then, when thirty-five years of age, he turned his back on royalty, nobility and the luxuries that belonged thereto. But for one year he was the guest of Count Chandos, who was a sort of English Crœsus, who had a magnificent establishment somewhere outside of London, with foreign guards to wait upon stately functions. Here he composed his cantata of Esther, which is still known in his collections as the Chandos Composition. He finally turned his back upon all the quarrelsome nobility and the jealousies of foreign and home musicians. It was this quarrel about Handel that gave rise to the Byron epigram which all know but few know where it came from:

Strange all this difference should be
Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!

This is Byron and he who quotes it is quoting a classic.

In this emergency Handel gave himself to the writing of Oratorios, of which there are twenty-three, all of them "masterpieces." An escape of one year from London to Dublin, he puts down as one of the happiest years of his life, comparable only with those sunny days spent in Italy. During this period of "defeat," this time of his bankruptcy, he wrote the greatest of his compositions, the mighty masterpiece, The Messiah, which was first presented in Dublin. Perhaps the story of the Messiah is the story of the highest achievement of music. But I am not going to try to tell the story of music. A humble task is mine. I am trying to get a real grip on the man, who when fifty-two years of age found himself breaking. His eyes failed, strength was wasted and his courage waning. Then there came that startling rebuke to all over-workers, a "stroke," as we say,—a warning from the hand of God. The sight of one eye was dimmed and his mind a little obscure. For nine months or a year it seemed as if his career was at an end. But, yielding to friends' persuasion, he tried the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle and the result was marvelous. The nuns who had the baths in charge, and who had received him as a paralytic, both hands afflicted, declared that a miracle had been performed in his great recovery, but when they found the patient was only a common Lutheran they doubted the miracle but could not doubt the result and made the manner of it an advertisement. As a matter of fact he did regain his power to a wonderful degree. He wrote his triumphant oratorios two or three years before he died. He was working on these oratorios when the manuscript studies became blurred. At last he had to write, "I must cease, for one eye is partially blind and the other sees only imperfectly." Two or three attempts made after that survive, but by the time he was seventy or seventy-one he was totally blind.

We will find in a subsequent study how Beethoven trembled when he faced the mighty audience applauding his composition, which applause he could not hear, and so it is said of Handel that he blanched and trembled when he heard the applause but could not see those applauding. Various operations were performed for what we now call "cataract" with no avail, and when he found that there was no hope he resigned himself to fate. He continued to preside at the piano and organ and lived bravely and cheerfully to the end.

The great musician expressed the desire that he might die on Good Friday and that he might be buried in Westminster. Both wishes were realized. Already during his lifetime a statue had been erected in one of the parks of London, and soon after his death the monument, which is still visited by pilgrims from all parts of the world, was erected in Westminster Abbey.

Handel's triumph came promptly. In less than twenty-seven years after his death the Handel Society was organized for the publication of his compositions, and in less than ninety-seven years after his death a Handel Musical Society was organized in London. In only thirty or forty years we found Mozart organizing a great chorus to sing the Messiah in Berlin. The United States and France have their "Handel Societies." He came promptly to his triumphs, a striking contrast to the other great tone-masters we are studying in this course.

Nothing in the biography of art is more striking and thrilling than the story of Handel and Beethoven. "Dear old Beethoven," as everybody learned to call him, was born in the same year as Handel. They crossed each other's paths two or three times. The humble peasant organist tried to see the proud, handsome, successful Handel, who made a journey to hear Buxtehude, the great Danish organist, in his carriage. It is suggested by a biographer that two years later the man in the carriage might have passed two boys, one of whom was John Sebastian Bach, the lad who had stolen away from his obligation as organist and was traveling afoot a hundred and fifty miles to hear the same famous Danish organist. The contrast is as striking all the way through. No one knows the resting place of Bach. The cemetery in which he was buried was converted soon after into a highway and all the graves were leveled. Handel won a place in Westminster Abbey during his life.

Romain Rolland, in his charming book on Handel, says that he was not a "religious composer," he was rather more pagan in his art than Christian. He was devoted wholly to art and to music. In his biography of two hundred pages there are no allusions to family affairs except that his mother was the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman and was steeped in biblical lore. No suggestion is made of wife or children. So far as I know he had no such relations, while Bach was always surrounded by children, grandchildren, nephews and grandnephews. He had twenty children first and last and never went on a journey but one of them had to go along with him. And from the time of his death for nearly a hundred years after, John Sebastian's name was lost among the more prominent Bachs. The pre-eminence was not discovered except by the slow test of time, the benign criticism of history, which decisions by the way are the only things very reliable. Contemporary history may be very wrong. Popular criticism is as apt to dismiss the noble as to praise it, but the relentless dicta of history eventually separate the chaff from the wheat and reveal the masterpieces.

Every page of the story of this life, which is so wanting in incidents except such as appeal to the musician, promptly lands us in the details of musical lore of which the unenlightened is incompetent to appreciate and which I am unable to discuss. But Handel's biographer tells us that the turning point in his life came when he decided to give himself to the people, to all the people, to any people, and to strip from his life the fetters of fashion and conventions and the obsequiousness demanded by such. And this brings me to my sermon point. From that time the nobler power of Handel began to display itself. He was fifty-nine years old when he began to write his masterpieces, and his grand oratorios came after.

The difference between the oratorio and the opera, as I understand it, is that the opera is necessarily dependent upon a few master voices, exploited by expensive and elaborate stage setting. It is something to be acted as well as to be sung. But the oratorio creates its background through the chorus, its interpretations are by the human voice, made effective without the help of costumes, scenery or the ex-

pensive fittings of the opera. Along these lines Handel wrote his great oratorios.

Handel is a worthy member of this quintette of masterly voices whose work is more pervasive than anything in European history of that age or than that of any group of leaders and masters in any section of life. Call the roll of the real leaders, the actual masters, the true kings of Europe during this century and a half: Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. I selected the topics for this course of sermons because I wanted to educate myself more than you into an appreciation of this beautiful new organ that was given us.

But I was led to them by another instinct. All of these five names came out of that territory which today the United States is arrayed against in battle. They were Prussian. Let us use the word once in a while without a sneer, and without exception they were born from the common people. However they may have become recipients of favors of the titled, they came from the common people. They were born plebeian, they were the children of the masses and by the verdict of the masses they occupy thrones with which no royal dynasty, English, German or Frank are comparable in potency.

There is a beautiful story of Frederick the Great, who appreciated music greatly and was himself a skilful violinist. He was wont to have concerts which he himself directed in a hall in his palace. Here of course he gathered the most skilful operators within his reach. A son of Sebastian Bach was on the royal staff of musicians at the court of Frederick the Great. The great Emperor had made repeated attempts to secure the attendance of the "Great Bach," the father of the Bach boy. The old master was not anxious to dance attendance upon royalty. But at last he yielded to his son's solicitation. With a son, he never traveled alone, he unexpectedly arrived on the evening of one of these concerts. He was ushered in. Word was sent to the leader that "Bach" had arrived. The great Emperor promptly laid aside his flute which he was about to play and exclaimed to the musicians, "Gentlemen, Old Bach is come." And although soiled by the dust of the road Bach was presented. Frederick had recently installed in his palace a dozen or more pianos, each the best in its line, and "old Bach" had to go from one instrument to another, improvising as he went, flooding the ears of the old Emperor with harmonies that never before had waked the echoes of the royal palace. Harmonies that survive beyond all the edicts and audiences and presumptions of kings and queens.

Music, the latest born of the arts, may well be called modern, for the ancients were but groping in the dark for that which modern art has developed. Music is the universal tie. By virtue of music do we cease to be national and necessarily become universal.

Handel found congenial atmosphere all the way from Vienna to Dublin. All these masters found an articulation that was intelligible to Italians, French, German and English, and if their journeying had carried them farther they would still be citizens of the kingdom and of the family.

When the band played "Annie Laurie" on the tented bank of the Rappahannock in '61, Yankees and the Rebels on the other banks joined in the chorus. So is it everywhere.

What right have you to applaud "Dixie," said an indignant southern bride to me on an ocean steamer once. I had started the applause when Dixie was played in the dining-room. "There is a warm-hearted southerner!" she had said to her husband, and when we came to speak together I had to confess to the young "Daughter of the Confederacy" that I had been on the other side. Then her eyes flashed and she asked me what right I had to applaud Dixie. Said I, "Have you not heard that that was the most valuable asset that Robert E. Lee had to turn over at Appomattox, it belongs to all of us now?" It was the truth. "Dixie" cannot be confined to any Mason and Dixon line. The Marseillaise overflows the boundaries of France, and is the "Marseillaise" wherever it falls on human ears ready to catch the music. Never mind the words, they are only in the way. It so happens that most of our national hymns survive in defiance of their words by the power of music.

Our own proud "America" is borrowed from Johnny Bull, and he ought to be glad that we have disassociated his national anthem from the doggerel to which they sing it at home.

So is it with this noble quintette of the world's leaders which their age provide to mellow and sweeten and strengthen life through all coming generations. They have enabled us to bear our sorrows, to endure our weaknesses, control our passions and to face our discouragements by the power of song.

Just fifty years ago this spring I found myself among the colliers of the anthracite coal territory, in the Alleghany country. It was a camp of Welsh miners. They came out Saturday noon from the grim, dark bowels of the earth, which later I penetrated and have never escaped the depression. They looked more like some non-human gnomes from another world, with black, unkempt, clumsy bodies and awkward hands. They went into their back kitchens, soused themselves in the "tub"—all the bath privileges accorded them then and I fear now. They put on their clean shirts, unbuttoned at the throat, rolled their sleeves above the elbows and then gathered under great trees on that beautiful June day, on the high levels of Mauch Chunk, two hundred and fifty of them, to practice the Hallelujah Chorus for a contest that was to come off at Christmas time. I had never heard it before, and while I have heard it many times since, never have I heard it with the power given it by those stalwart men, brave diggers of coal, who came up out of the earth to be transformed by the power of Handel into interpreters of things celestial, messengers of the life divine. I find in that incident rest and consolation in these distracted times, how much distracted they are you all know. Let us find comfort and strength in the company of these tone masters, the real rulers of our spiritual destinies, leaders of the civilization that endures.

Father, keep us loving, kind and true; keep us brave and patient; keep us close in the embrace of the infinite Love that will sustain us through doubt and struggle, through disappointment and death. Make us conscious, Father, that we are children of thine, now and for evermore. Amen!

"Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."—*From a letter written by Lucretia Mott to her grandfather-in-law James Mott, Sr.*, 1822.

Applying Social Ideals to the Ministry

In spite of the periodic attacks upon the ministry and the subsequent improving discussions on the subject in the religious press, there is a growing group of young ministers who feel that their attitude toward their work is either unknown or misunderstood. If this failure to see and to understand came only from the ultra-orthodox church group or from the ultra-materialistic radical group, it would be taken as a matter of course. But when it comes from intelligent students of economic and social problems who look to the church at least theoretically, as a possible ally in bringing in the new social order, it shows a pitiable lack of contact between those who ought to be co-workers in one great cause.

I have before me an article published by a leading weekly journal presenting in rather stereotyped form the intellectual, social and financial limitations of the ministry. The comment of the editor is that of a man who seeks to explain to his readers why the calling continues to exist. In substance, the answer is: "Yes, the minstry does have serious intellectual, social and financial limitations. But then, every profession has its drawbacks and the ministry may not have more than others. Besides, we must remember that the ministry is a spiritual calling and as such 'has meat to eat that we know not of.'"

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon takes up the same theme in an *Atlantic* paper, "Human or Super-human":

> "Within the church," says Dr. Sheldon, "there is a profound feeling on the part of thoughtful ministers and laymen that something is fundamentally wrong. . . . I am not writing a wail or a whine or an excuse, but I honestly believe that the great body of church members and people calling themselves Christians do not understand the superhuman task required of a human instrument called a minister."

He then states concretely the superhuman task which he has in his own parish in caring for the public services, the parish calling, the sick, the Bible school, the finances, the church organizations, and the music, besides attending to his studies, his civic duties and his family. Then follows this statement: "Is it any wonder that your boy does not care to enter the ministry? Would you enter it again, knowing what you know of it now?"

Now to some of us all this kind of talk about the ministry is beside the point. The fact of the matter is that the primary factor in our "call to service" is not the choice of a profession at all but the challenge of a great task. The inexorable logic of modern social and economic facts has forced us to see that the real task of religion today is inextricably wrapped up with the revolutionary changes in society demanded by the Gospel of Jesus. Our own individual experience and our study of history have made us confident that these changes can be accomplished only through the power and inspiration of true religion. We recognize the church as one of the human instruments which has been used in times past to further those ends, but we also realize that she has often been the bulwark of reaction and repression. We have chosen the work of the ministry as a means of working out our vision of a better world, first, because we believe that the organized church must be won to a whole-hearted support of the reconstruction of society, and, second, because the work of the church gives us the opportunity to preach and to practice those spiritual truths without which the solution of the problems of modern society is impossible.

Let me illustrate this attitude toward the ministry by relating an incident from my own experience. A strike broke out in one of the great industrial plants of the city in which I was at that time a minister. Violence was threatened. I at once did what I considered to be my duty and interviewed the company officials, who refused to meet a committee of the men or to delay decision on their demands. They courteously gave me to understand that the business was their own, and that they would deal only with individuals and would employ them on their own terms. I then told these employers that I should have to see that the strikers got their case before the public, and that the State Board of Arbitration should be immediately notified. Though unable to secure the use of a hall in any of the public buildings we held a street meeting at which I presented the case for the men and appealed to every one to allow the Arbitration Board to investigate and settle the matter. A representative committee of the striking men was elected and within four hours the State Board had arranged a meeting between the committee and the officials of the company at which the strike was practically settled. The men have not received all they wanted, or all I believe they deserved, but the workingmen of the town now know, as none of us knew before, what rights a worker has under the laws of the State when he makes an effort to better his condition.

As a minister of the gospel in that community I was given the opportunity, by reason of my activity in this strike, to teach what the gospel of Jesus Christ really means in action, not only to the people of the whole community, but to the people of my church as well. Both the church and the community had to face the application of the gospel to the every-day problems of life. After that incident the general public came to expect that I would act and represent a definite point of view on public affairs, and as a direct consequence, my opportunity to preach and teach the gospel in practical terms was greatly extended.

I am, of course, by no means alone in this kind of pastoral activity. The pioneer work has already been done. Already many men are working out these same convictions in all parts of the country. I well know that there is an increasing number of the young men who are entering the ministry who have this vision of their work, and who are bound to come to the same experiences. Their outlook differs in many respects from that of their elders and from that of many of their teachers. It is my purpose here briefly to set it forth. To do so I shall continue to draw largely from my own experience.

My mother did not want me to be a minister. But it was not because of the intellectual, social or financial limitations involved. It was because she feared that I would succumb to the peculiar and subtle temptations of the ministry and become like so many ministers whom she had known. How shall I describe them? Perhaps the best way will be by telling some of the things which they did. They were constantly asking for money without having the right spirit toward money themselves, and without having prepared the people to give. Most of them went out of their way to keep on good terms with the people of means in their parish. Their convictions on all practical affairs outside of the church in the life of the

community were pretty sure to coincide with the convictions of the people of wealth in the church. They were against the rural credits system because the banker deacon was against it. They were for the "open shop" because Mr. Honorable Mill Owner, church trustee, was for it. I do not say that they went against their consciences. They didn't investigate the matters enough to have a conscience regarding them. They simply accepted the ideas of their "leading members" as final on all matters in which these "leading members" claimed to be experts. The result was that they worshipped a class God.

The more I see of these men the more I am convinced that most of them are sincere. But they seem to have lost confidence in their ability to accomplish anything vital toward bringing in the Kingdom. Many have no vision of what the Kingdom on earth means. I do not write to condemn these men. Time was when I did, but several years of pastoral work in connection with dominating church officials have made me realize that the difficulty is usually as much due to the tyranny of our church system, which puts the controlling power of the church in the hands of the large contributors, as it is to the character of the minister.

I know many good men who have been coerced by this system. They justify their acquiescence by arguing that it is better to conduct the regular work of the church in peace than it is to disrupt the church by serious difference with leading members. But many of the young men of social vision are entering the ministry today with well considered convictions against such compromise. For my own part, I am one of them, and I have already been made to feel in no uncertain way the results of nonconformity. As assistant pastor of a large city church, my plans for putting the gospel into practice were overruled, not by a frank difference of opinion but by the personal disapproval of a leading member.

My present conviction is that the fundamental thing necessary to enable the minister to do his work is to free him from the power of money. The first step is for the individual minister to free himself from the desire for success as measured in terms of his salary and position. The second step is to change the present un-Christian system of paying ministers salaries. Why should we not adopt a plan similar to the one which works so well in the mission fields, i. e., that of giving each worker a suitable living for the place where he is stationed, with an extra allowance for children.

Our vision of what must be, however, is to us of much more significance than our criticisms of things as they are. We have faced the so-called limitations and impossibilities of the profession, and the problem of freedom of thought, but we feel that the one big challenge of our day to get action on the principles of the gospel, outweighs them all. Once again my experience may interpret the heart and thought of the group for which I am here speaking.

My education was received in the wide open atmosphere of a State university. Here the intellectual setting of my boyhood faith melted away. I had to learn another. I found it in terms of the organic conception of life and of society which is the fine modern fruition of the work which Darwin began. Most of all I found in the social passion of our day and "in the social awakening in the church," which Harry F. Ward calls "the culmination of evangelical Christianity." * Men like Rauschenbusch and Ward are my chosen teachers of religion. Industrial democracy and the co-operative commonwealth are, for me, closely associated with the coming of the Kingdom of God. I feel that without such a program the ideals of the gospel are not tied to concrete activity and tend to vanish in vague emotions and sentiments. The acceptance of the challenge to give my life in working for this program in the spirit of religion, is, I believe, calling out the best that there is in me.

It is with this vision before us that the young ministers for whom I speak repudiate as superficial the current criticisms of the ministry. Our experience has taught us that we can put into effect the principles of the Gospel only in so far as we are willing to pay the price which our Leader freely and willingly paid. We recognize full well that the most stubborn opposition which we must meet is from the ranks of the professing Christians, even as the chief opposition to Jesus was found among the Jews.

But within our hearts there is a surging faith, born of the experience of being identified with the lives and aspirations of exploited groups of workers, and matured by a careful study of the economic and social forces at work in modern society. Our faith does not know defeat, because it has been built on what the world calls defeat. We know that our text-book, the Bible, is a book of social protest. We are confident that Christians cannot continue to read it without connecting it with the present day literature of social protest against the horrible facts of poverty, industrial injustice and international war. We look to the church for the opportunity to press home these truths upon the great middle classes of America, which make up the membership of the churches and control the destinies of the nation. We do not pretend to fulfil all the formal requirements fastened upon our high calling by precedent, but we press on with hot prophetic zeal toward the real goal of the church, which is so well expressed by Ward when he says: "To put the dynamic of God's life into all the activities of men, to bring the social passion to a consciousness of its spiritual nature, to tie the social program to the eternities and fill it with the power of an endless life—this is the compelling task of the church."

A Young Minister.

From "The New World."

A wonderful thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old, and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true,
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom,
Plant roses, and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love to you will bring—
The fruit of the seed you sow.

—Friend's Intelligencer and Journal.

*Ward's "Social Evangelism."

The Angelus: A Protest

A joint resolution recently passed by the U. S. Senate calls upon the President to commend by proclamation the observance one minute a day of the Angelus prayer. It is to be a national observance, ostensibly for victory and peace. It is difficult to believe that a majority of the members who voted for the bill understood its full significance: but one Senator openly opposed it. All would doubtless approve of the President's general proclamation of a day of prayer for citizens of all faiths and creeds, each in their own way; but to foist upon the people of this republic a prescribed and sectarian form of prayer is contrary to one of the fundamental principles of our government, the absolute separation of State and Church.

What is the Angelus? It is a Roman Catholic prayer in memory of the Annunciation. "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae; and she conceived of the Holy Ghost." It is not a prayer to God but to the Virgin: "Hail, Mary, Mother of God, pray for us." It contains no reference whatever to any war either past or present. It is peculiarly sectarian and is only found in Roman Catholic prayer books. It will be a dangerous precedent for us to adopt and will open the way to the imposition of other sectarian forms. The resolution was not inspired by pure patriotism, but rather by the ambition of some high ecclesiastic to advance the influence and authority of one church as leader in public affairs and to make that church the official religion of the Republic.

It is generally admitted that the restoration of the temporal power of the papacy was one of the promises held out to the Pope by the Central Powers. As a temporal sovereign he hopes to be recognized by all the courts of Europe and America. The Central Powers have received his sympathy and support. His influence has hampered the cause of the Allies in Quebec, Australia and Ireland. Last year the insidious propaganda of the Pope's Peace caused such disaffection among the Italians as led to the disastrous retreat from Tornino and Caporetto. He is careful to propose only those terms for negotiation which will be acceptable to Germany and Austria. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. In this country the separation of Church and State cannot be too jealously guarded.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Arlington, Mass.

THE IDOL-MAKER PRAYS.

Great god whom I shall carve from this gray stone
  Wherein thou liest, hid to all but me,
Grant thou that when my art hath made thee known
  And others bow, I shall not worship thee.
But, as I pray thee now, then let me pray
  Some greater god—like thee to be conceived
Within my soul—for strength to turn away
  From *his* new altar, when, that task achieved,
He, too, stands manifest. Yea, let me yearn
  From dream to grander dream! Let me not rest
Content at any goal! Still bid me spurn
  Each transient triumph on the Eternal Quest,
Abjuring godlings, whom my hand hath made,
For Deity, revealed but unportrayed!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Harper's Monthly.

THE QUIET SINGER.

(*Ave! Francis Thompson*)

He had been singing, but I had not heard his voice;
He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,
Oh, many a morning long!
But I, remote and far,
Under an alien star,
Listened to other singers, other birds,
And other silver words.
But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,
Beg the cold world to hear?
Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,
At dawn, or in the blue, mild summer noon,
Knowing that late or soon
His wealth of beauty, and his high notes ringing
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.
He sings, albeit alone,
Spendthrift of each pure tone,
Hoarding no single song,
No cadence wild and strong.

But one day from a friend far overseas,
As if upon the breeze,
There came the teeming wonder of his words—
A golden troop of birds
Caged in a little volume made to love;
Singing, singing,
Flinging, flinging
Their breaking hearts on mine and softly bringing
Tears, and the peace thereof.

How the world awoke anew!
How the days broke anew!
Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry
I seemed to see,
Woven of all the dreams dead or to be.
Hills, hills of song, springs of eternal bloom,
Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom
Were hung upon his loom.
Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns,
Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenched morns—
These, all these I saw
With that ecstatic awe
Wherewith one looks into eternity.

And then I knew that though I had not heard
His voice before,
His quiet singing, like some quiet bird
At some one's distant door,
Had made my own more sweet; had made it more
Lovely, in one of God's miraculous ways.
I knew then why the days
Had seemed more perfect to me when the spring
Came with old burgeoning;
For somewhere in the world his voice was raised,
And somewhere in the world his heart was breaking;
And never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking
Beauty more high and noble for his sake,
As a whole wood grows lovelier for the wail
Of one sad nightingale.

Yet if the springs long past
Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,
I tremble at the beauty I shall see
In seasons still to be,
Now that his songs are mine while life shall last.
Oh, now for me
New floods of vision open suddenly!
Rejoice, my heart—rejoice
That you have heard the Quiet Singer's voice!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

From "The Century Magazine."

There is no perfume so grateful to the soul as the fragrance heavy with the odour of a past that has been redeemed. *—Ralph Birdsall.*

He was ready to sacrifice everything to his principles—which was right; but he sometimes mistook his prejudices for his principles. *—Ellen T. Fowler.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

MY THOUGHTS.

My thoughts are little clowns
Irreverent and merry
That stick their tongues
To Sun and Moon,
And laugh at Men and Gods.

My thoughts are silver flutes
Playing strange romanzas
In my ears,
That make me dream,
And weep.

My thoughts are shaven monks
That count their rosaries
Listlessly
Forever. . . .

My thoughts are flocks of black birds
That turn in endless circles,
And caw-and-caw.

My thoughts are tiny Jovelets
In atom skies,
Ruling cosmos
For a Breath's
Eternity.

My thoughts are flakes of snow
That fall and fall,
And vanish,—
Or turn to mud.

My thoughts are timorous mice
Gnawing at Illusions,
Afraid of Truth,
The gray-eyed Cat.

My thoughts are blue-rimmed lakes,
And Earth and Sky,
Voluptuous women
Come bathing there.

My thoughts are tremulous echoes
Of far-off drums
The stars are beating on
With silver rays.

My thoughts are red hyenas
That dig within my heart
And munch its memories,
And laugh.

My thoughts are cemeteries
Where wander nightly
White-sheeted ghosts
That wail and moan.

My thoughts—
How well for me
They are so deeply hidden
In the circus of my brain. . . .

—*Paul Eldridge.*
The Stratford Journal.

NO APOLOGY NEEDED.

In addition to giving the convicted man a term of ten years in prison, the judge added the gratuitous punishment of a long speech made for the benefit of the reporters, in which he set forth specifically the reasons for his action.

"You needn't of done all that apologizin' fer imposin' on a feller-man," said the culprit, kindly. "They ain't no hard feelings on my part. I know as well as you do that a man can't hold the job of Judge and act the gentleman at the same time."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Rising Japan. By Jabez T. Sunderland, D.D., LL.D., net $1.25.

One World at a Time. By Thomas R. Slicer.

The Smiting of the Rock. By Palmer Bend, net $1.50.

Catholicity. By Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.

Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The Life of God in the Life of His World. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D., net $0.60.

Macmillan Co.

Shantiniketan. By W. W. Pearson, net $1.50.

The Record of a Quaker Conscience, Cyrus Pringle's Diary. My Rufus M. Jones, net $0.60.

Can We Believe in Immortality? By James H. Snowden, net $1.25.

The New Horizon of State and Church. By William Herbert Perry Faunce, net $0.60.

Psychology and Preaching. By Charles S. Gardner, net $2.00.

This Life and the Next. By P. T. Forsyth, net $1.00.

Religion, Its Prophets and False Prophets. By James Bishop Thomas, Ph.D., net $1.50.

Draft Convention for League of Nations. By Theodore Marburg, net $0.25.

Fleming H. Revell Co.

South Eastern Europe. By Vladislav R. Savic, net $1.50.

The Progress of the Church Federation. By Charles S. MacFarland, net $0.50.

President Wilson and the Moral Aims of the War. By Frederick Lynch.

Dodd, Mead & Co.

Psychical Phenomena and the War. By Hereward Carrington, net $2.00.

Doubleday, Page & Company.

Comrades in Courage. By Lieut. Antoine Redier, net $1.40.

Beacon Press.

Heroic Lives. By Albert R. and Emily McClellan Vail, net $0.50.

For Freedom and Humanity. By Henry Hallan Sanderson.

W. B. Huebsch.

Approaches to the Great Settlement. By Emily Greene Balch, net $1.50.

Ark Publishing Co.

The Philosophy of the Bible. By David Newmark.

Messrs. James T. White & Co.

Reed Voices. By James B. Kenyon, net $1.25.

A Cycle of Sonnets. By Edith Willis Linn.

Narcissus and Other Poems. By Blanche Wagstaff.

I Build My House. By Jane Burr.

A Garden of Remembrance. By James Terry White.

Princeton University Press

The Mexican War Diary of General George B. McClelland. Edited by William Starr Myers, net $1.00.

R. G. Adams & Co.

The Field of Philosophy. By Joseph Alexander Leighton.

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

The Imperial Japanese Mission, 1917. By B. S. Adams.

LeRoy Phillips.

Democracy Made Safe. By Paul Harris Drake, net $1.00.

WAGES FOR JAPANESE GIRLS HARDLY ENOUGH TO KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER.

Life and customs have been so radically changed in Japan in the last two or three decades that the Japanese bachelor girl no longer pines away in seclusion. Thus the *Japanese Magazine* (Toyko) introduces a highly interesting survey of the industrial woman in Japan.

One of the most frequently encountered occupations, the article reveals, is that of teaching music. By giving banjo instruction to a dozen male pupils she earns twenty-five yen ($12.50) a month—enough to keep body and soul together. In painting, the average price for a picture is fifty to a hundred yen, and there is a constantly increasing number of women artists in Japan. The telephone switchboard is one of the most recent fields of female activity. Every woman with private-school education, from fourteen to thirty-five years old, is eligible for this work, the wages for which are thirty to forty yen a month. A bookkeeper gets thirty-five to forty yen a month and there are many women employed in government positions which pay as much as ninety-five yen a month, a yen being fifty cents in American money. They are mostly stenographers.

The poorest paying job, it seems, is that of teaching in elementary schools. Some of these teachers receive no more than eight yen a month. Japan has as yet no women street-car conductors, though women chauffeurs are beginning to make their appearance. A good many women are occupied in newspaper offices, both in an editorial and clerical capacity. The vast majority of Japaneses women workers, however, are engaged in factories. In most of them, we read, the work is both physically and morally degrading and the poor toilers earn hardly enough to keep body and soul together.—*Current Opinion.*

POSITIVE PROOF.

An elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in nicknacks picked up a small hand-bag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is real alligator-skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer; "I shot that alligator myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the salesman; "that is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."—*Harper's Weekly.*

CAMPAIGNS AGAINST RATS.

To reduce the $200,000,000 loss in food and other property destroyed annually by rats, the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture is giving advice as well as assistance in a number of state and local campaigns against this worst of pesst. State wide campaigns are in progress in Mississippi, West Virginia, and Georgia, while Maryland, Minnesota, and Alabama are planning to take up such work in a few weeks. These campaigns are usually made through county agents and emergency workers, by co-oepration with the States Relations Service. The Board of Health of Kansas has been making a state-wide educational campaign against rats, while many local organizations in cities, village, and rural communities have been engaged in active efforts to eliminate these animals. An indication of the increasing interest taken by the public in this work is shown in the steadily increasing demand for anti-rat bulletins and poster published by the Department.

SOMEWHERE IN GOD'S UNIVERSE.

In some kindly light of sun,
When the mortal race is run,
Somewhere by our Father's grace
We shall find a working place;
Somewhere still to dare and do,
Shun the false and seek the true.
Interest in the cosmic scene
Cannot cease with what has been;
Downright struggle of the soul
Must approximate a goal.

Oh, I know there are who say:
When the darkness follows day
Never shall a morning break—
Life once stilled does not awake.

But the Voice within replies:
Earth-child—Conqueror of skies—
Pigmy—to whom giants bow—
Weakling—brave Explorer thou,
Traveling far from natal lands,
Weighing worlds in thy slim hands,
(Ever more remote the star
Thou makest not familiar)—
Time's small dials only gauge
That which is thine equipage,
Mark the progress of the storm
Beating down thy fragile form.

Dreamer bold, whose scope includes
Life's supernal altitudes,
Dim within thee there appears
Something older than thy years;
Something not for mete and bound,
Compass, scale, and plummet-sound.
Un-precedented child of fate
Who dare write thy ultimate.

JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

OUT OF DANGER.

Doctor Whipple, long Bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services near an Indian village in one of the Western States, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects unguarded in the lodge.

"Plenty safe," grunted the red man. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

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